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FOOTBALL ISSUE, 1936

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EDITORIAL

THE football season is over, but it has left us with strong impressions. Impressions of good, hard fighting on the part of our team, who without doubt can be acclaimed as the cleanest and most popular aggregation ever to wear the Green and Gold togs. For honesty in all deeds, and modesty in purpose, they couldn't be beat. The ensuing football writeups, many written by our own players, attest to that. The staff had great difficulty in keeping the individual player who wrote the article from shouldering all the blame for a mistake on themselves. Witness the description of the St. Thomas game, for instance, and prove to yourself the calibre of man who represented us on the gridiron. And he is only one of eleven.

It has been a pleasure to edit this football issue, and the staff hopes that those who read our copy will feel as we do of the past season's events. . . . and join us in acclaiming one of our finest elevens.

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FARM SCHOOL BULLDOGS, 19

ARM SCHOOL BEAT
SHORE TRADE

NEW PLATZ BOWS
TO NATIONAL FARM

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BULLDOGS OVERWHELM BLOOMSBURG TEACHERS

A DETERMINED, hard fighting Farm School eleven opened the 1936 season with a smashing offensive against the Bloomsburg Teachers J. V. The visitors were unable to hold the fast moving Bulldogs and fell to a 27 to 7 defeat.

During the first three minutes of play, Cy Rintz threw a 45 yard pass to Happ, who skipped across the remaining 15 yards to a touchdown.

In the second period on a lateral from Zartarian, Emil went over for the second counter. Happ, again receiving a 35 yard pass from Rintz, scored another touchdown. The fourth period dawned upon an excited fighting team, and the Farmers again scored. Cy Rintz received a lateral from Emil and pounded through for 45 yards.

Emil converting on the latter three touchdowns.

LINE-UP

N. F. S.

J. Frankel	l.e.	Key
I. Jacobson	l.t.	Lahey
L. Schectman	l.g.	Schmid
H. Haas	c.	Kingsley
P. Rader	r.g.	Larson
J. Cohen	r.t.	Bowser
A. Haap	r.e.	Brannen
D. Segal	q.b.	Ekloff
B. Emil	l.h.	Cryer
C. Rintz	r.h.	Aillo
M. Kaplan	f.b.	Morrison

Farm School	6	7	7	7—27
Bloomsburg	0	0	7	0—7

Substitutions—Farm School: Zartarian, Luppinnacci, Blumenfeld, Brambly. Bloomsburg: Bartell, Heelan, Savage.

Touchdowns: Happ, 2, Rintz, Emil, Cryer.

FARM SCHOOL VS. NEW PALTZ

THE team last week presented a group of blockers that would compare with a lot of colleges. On every play that we ran, it was very noticeable, to those who look for it, of how blocking made it possible. Probably less credit is given to the blocker than to any other player on the team. It is always the blocker who makes long runs possible and this was shown especially in my run for one of the touchdowns. The play started out as an end sweep with Segal taking out the end in perfect style. Emil and Lupinacci continued the blocking by taking out the men backing up the line. As I passed this point, I began to pick up my weak-side lineman; these are the men that the spectators never seem to notice; they completed the job of taking out the rest of the men in the path of the play. That is just one instance of where the blocking made the long run possible.

Captain Segal has shown up all year as a blocker, he is like the Northwest Mounted, he always gets his man. A great deal of credit should also be given to the linemen, for they are the men who start the play off by taking care of the men who could come through the line to make the tackle.

The first score of the game was made by Frankel on a long pass. Incidentally, it takes a good man to get out in the open so that he is in the open to receive a pass. After this touchdown, Emil and Segal scored, the former on a reverse and Segal on a line plunge.

The New Paltz team put up a good fight but in the second half they began to tire and when a team begins to tire they unconsciously let up a little. This is easily seen because we scored 20 points in the last half and only 6 in the first.

The next game you watch, be sure to look for the weak-side line-men coming across to make the run possible. If you will watch the blockers instead of the ball carrier, you will enjoy the game more.

—*Elmer Rintz.*

LINE-UP

Farm School		New Paltz
J. Frankel	l.e.	Serafine
I. Jacobson	l.t.	Lash
Schectman	l.g.	Roll
Haas	c.	Potter
Rader	r.g.	Schyler
Blumenfeld	r.t.	Nolan
Happ	r.e.	Conahan
Segal	q.b.	Champi
Rintz	l.h.	Strauser
Lupinacci	r.h.	Hancock
Emil	f.b.	Patrick
Farm School	6 0 13	7—26
New Paltz	0 0 0	0—0

Substitutions— Farm School: Kaplan, Brambly, Zartarian, Praissman. New Paltz: Shirley, Miller, Luberkeski, Potter, Niland, Wilner, Harp, Krysher.

Touchdowns: Frankel, Emil, Segal Rintz,



AGGIES DOWN CAMDEN VOCATIONAL, 20-0

SCORING three times in the last half after being held to a scoreless deadlock in the first two periods, N. F. S. defeated a fighting Camden Vocational team, 20 to 0. In the first half, neither team was able to advance the ball and the battle was staged in midfield. However, in the third quarter, the Aggies' offensive began to click and with Segal and Lupinacci hitting the line and Rintz and Kaplan sweeping the ends, the team moved 60 yards to the one-yard line. Segal went over for the first score of the game.

The fourth quarter started with Farm School in possession of the ball on the Vocational's 48-yard line. Without losing the ball again, the team drove for a touchdown, this time Rintz scored, running 20 yards around end, Rintz also scored the extra point by a repetition of play.

The Aggies, now trying to score as many points as possible before the game ended, took the ball on their own twenty-yard line and in six plays went to the C. V. 11-yard line. A 45 yard run by Rintz and a reverse from Segal to Kaplan



were the outstanding plays of this march. However, the Camdenites took the ball on downs, but Mule Haas, brilliant Aggie center, broke through to block and recover a Camden punt on the C. V. 6-yard line, where Zartarian took it over for the third score. Emil converted for the extra point.

The Aggies scored 12 first downs while C. V. moved the marker six times. Six of the Bulldogs first downs were tallied in the last nine minutes of play. The Green and Gold were successful in completing one pass while C. V. completed 3 out of 10 attempts.

LINE-UP

Farm School

Camden Voc.

Frankel	l.e.	Leon
Jacobson	l.t.	Carvin
Schectman	l.g.	Jones
Haas	c.	Thinnes
Rader	r.g.	Savage
Blumenfeld	r.t.	Seaton
Happ	r.e.	Peck
Segal	q.b.	Potryk
Rintz	l.h.b.	Reed
Emil	r.h.b.	Bujnicki
Lupinacci	f.b.	Fisk
N. F. S.	0 0 6 14—20	
C. V.	0 0 0 0—0	

Touchdowns: Segal, Rintz, Zartarian.

Point after touchdown: Rintz, Emil.

Substitutions: N. F. S.—Kaplan, Zartarian, Brambly. C. V.—Brown, Hull, Spokes, Smith, Kelly.

Referee—Thornton, Temple.

Umpire—Doering, Temple.

Head linesman, Coups; Bates.

Time of quarters—12 minutes.



FARMERS BOW TO

ST. THOMAS

As told to M. Elsner by H. Haas.

I WAS asked to give my opinion of the St. Thomas game. Since only my opinion was asked for and not a statistical sport story, it makes it very easy for me, as I don't profess to be a sports writer.

This game was a ride for the team on a so-called black and white horse. We rode the white horse when I think of the mental attitude and fight of the team. But we held the reins of the black horse when considering the final score.

Mr. Samuels called us together on Monday's practice following the Camden game, and he told us that the East Stroudsburg Freshmen cancelled their game. He then went on to explain that he would like to schedule a game in their place so that we wouldn't lose our competitive complex. Through his many efforts he finally lined up a game with the St. Thomas Frosh team of Scranton. This team was a tough one. And the only thing that puzzled Mr. Samuels was our frame of mind for this game.

It was just the thing we were waiting for. We dug our cleats in hard during the week and proved that we would not give any ground to our opponents.



The whistle sounded and the kick-off broke that great tenseness that everyone felt that day. The game was dog bite dog until St. Thomas received the break. Our safety man fumbled the punt, he was rushed by both ends and was unable to recover. One of the alert St. Thomas ends recovered on our 5-yard line. It was first down, goal to go. They were eager to score. I noticed that the man who carried the ball was pointing the play. He was looking at the ball and leaning towards the direction of the play. I charged out of my zone and I was able to help make the first three tackles. It was the fourth down, three yards to go. This time I noticed that the back was pointing to come through my zone. However, I still played a hunch, I played out of my zone, thinking I could stop him behind the line of scrimmage, instead I was checked for a fraction of a second giving the ball carrier time to get beyond my reach.

This corresponds to many folks in the world, who take gambles and sometimes win, but in this case, I gambled and lost.

We had many opportunities to score but we were unable to make them materialize. St. Thomas Frosh are good hard football players, however, I hope we play them again next season, perhaps we can smooth over the dent they left in our schedule.

Farm School made 350 yards from the line of scrimmage, and 8 first downs.

St. Thomas made 150 yards from the line of scrimmage, and 5 first downs

Passes attempted: Farm school 6, completed 3. St. Thomas 9, completed 3.

Score by periods:

N. F. S.	0	0	0	0-0
St. Thomas	0	6	0	0-6

LINE-UP

N. F. S.	St. Thomas
J. Frankel	l.e. Thomas
I. Jacobson	l.t. Anderjack
L. Schectman	l.g. Cerra
H. Haas	c. Drisa
P. Rader	r.g. Donoski
J. Cohen	r.t. Schuller
A. Happ	r.e. Turley
D. Segal	q.b. Dickman
B. Emil	l.h. Jordan
E. Rintz	r.h. Staskavage
M. Kaplan	f.b. Rogulla

Substitutions— N. F. S.: Bramley and Luppinnacci, St. Thomas: Patrick, Flaugherty, Thomasello, Minsky.

Touchdowns: Rogulla.



FARM SCHOOL - ATLANTIC CITY VOCATIONAL

*As told to M. Elsner by
Ed Zartarian*

STARTING in my first game of the season, I was expected to fill the shoes of our Number One running and passing back. I was to run most of the sweeps and do the passing, both new to my style of playing. Previous to this game, I had been doing line-bucks and blocking.

Mental attitude had a good deal to do with this game. We had the idea that this game was going to be a set-up, but it seems in football games there is no such thing as the under-dog. In these games, it's the fighting team that wins.

We started off fast. After kicking off to them, we blocked their kick in their first set of downs and made a first down by rushing. In scoring position, Lupinacci fumbled, the first of the seventeen fumbles we made, preventing us from scoring and enabling them to stay in our territory. A few moments later, on our thirty-yard line, I got into the open on a sweep. I ran about fifteen yards where my weak side linemen picked me up and I cut back through them and continued for a touchdown. Emil converted the extra point on a place-kick.

This was what I thought was to be the first of many touchdowns to be made that afternoon. During the rest of the game, nobody was blocking and of course our plays didn't go. They seemed to have us bottled up all afternoon.

Of the three passes called, two were poorly thrown and badly

handled while the other was completed and called back because of a penalty, which were very frequent and costly. With our running plays stopped and the passes badly handled, we seemed bewildered and this started a lot of unnecessary talk among the players.

The fellows then pressed harder to make things go, but it seemed to get worse. We looked like a bunch of grammar school kids.

Because of a clipping penalty on the kick-off in the second half, Atlantic City got the ball on our ten-yard line. Then they fumbled, a break for us, of which we didn't take advantage. Then on the next set of downs we fumbled and they recovered on about our twenty-five yard line. On three successive off-side penalties at this time, they advanced to our ten-yard line. We seemed to fold up at this time and they drove through on two plays to score. Their extra point try, a pass from a kick formation was blocked.

After this on plays steadily driven through the line, we advanced into scoring territory many times only to fumble at crucial moments. This prevented the many



touchdowns we were confident of scoring.

Although we outplayed them the entire game, we put on the worst exhibition of football I have seen played by any Farm School team. This proved to me the team with the competitive spirit has a fighting chance to win, regardless of the odds.

Farm School	Atlantic City Voc.
--------------------	---------------------------

J. Frankel	l.e.	Darcy
I. Jacobson	l.t.	Stratton
Schectman	l.g.	Campanelli
Haas	c.	Davis
Rader	r.g.	Madison
J. Cohen	r.t.	Miller
Happ	r.e.	Wrigley
D. Segal	q.b.	Gowen
Zartarian	r.h.	Woods
Lupinacci	l.h.	Bleazard
Kaplan	f.b.	Fort
Farm School	7 0 0	0—7
Atlantic City	0 0 6	0—6

Substitutions— Farm School: None. Atlantic City: Rasmutin, Pitt.

Touchdowns: Zartarian, Gowen.



GREEN AND GOLD DEFEATS STOCKBRIDGE

(As told to M. Elsner by Frankel)

IN MY estimation, the Stockbridge team of Massachusetts gave us the roughest tussle of the year. After practicing an entire week on Stockbridge line plays, they came down to our gridiron with the unexpected, sweeps. The excellent interference which surrounded their ball carriers caused us ends no end of trouble. In my mind, it appeared that the coach, manager, water-boy, etc., were also running interference. During time out, I wanted to count how many players they had on the field.

Their secondary, backing up the line, came up in perfect shape to tackle our ball-carriers. However, due to our perfect team-work we held them scoreless in the first half.

During the halves, Mr. Samuels talked over the situation, and we came out in the second half with a vengeance, our sole thought was to mop them up. The third period saw Rintz going over for a touchdown after a long run, but what a heart-breaker, it was called back because of a penalty.

Stockbridge, being in the coffin corner, got off a beautiful punt to Cy Rintz, who, having his usual perfect interference plus his clean running, went over for the touchdown.

Yours truly was put out of the game for roughing. However, I

still say it was a clean battle. Well, we won 6 to 0, a well deserved victory from a fighting bunch of New England Farmers. I wish to say at this time that this game will always be remembered by the players and the fans as one of the cleanest and best played football games in years.

LINE-UP

Farm School

Stockbridge

J. Frankel	l.e.	Cunningham
Jacobson	l.t.	Baldwin
Schechtman	l.g.	Tucker
Haas	c.	Brown
Rader	r.g.	Bush
J. Cohen	r.t.	Acker
Happ	r.e.	Sparks
Segal	q.b.	Hair
Lupinacci	l.h.	Boyce
Rintz	r.h.	Fournier
Kaplan	f.b.	Lyon

Touchdown: Rintz.

Farm School 0 0 0 6-6

Stockbridge 0 0 0 0-0

Substitutions:— Farm School: Emil, Zartarian, Praissman, Blumenfeld, Brambly. Stockbridge: Christansen, Surgeon, Marino, Drago, Andrews, Beauks.

First downs: Farm School, 9; Stockbridge, 9.

URSINUS TOPS BULLDOGS

As told to M. Elsner by

M. Kaplan

IN ONE of the most heart-breaking games that I've ever played in, Farm School was defeated 19 to 13 by the Ursinus Frosh team. Alertness spelled victory for the fighting collegians. All three of their touchdowns were the direct results of breaks upon which they capitalized.

We scored first on a 55 yard pass from Rintz to Happ which placed the ball on the 3-yard line. Rintz then swept around right end for the touchdown. Emil converting. Their first break came when the usually reliable Captain Segal fumbled the punt on our 35-yard line.

Ursinus threw a pass to the ½-yard line. We held for 3 downs and then McConnell went over. Lai converting. In the second half, they were favored with another break. They blocked Happ's punt on the one-foot line. Keurek plowed over for a touchdown. Later in the game with the possibility of scoring, I fumbled a double reverse which they recovered. This time on the lateral which Steinmetz threw to Lai, the latter went over for another touchdown.

One of the most significant factors in this game was the fighting spirit of the Bulldogs, who although behind 19 to 6 with three minutes to play, scored once and threatened again when the game ended. Cy Rintz was the outstanding man of the game, scoring twice on brilliant runs, made possible by the beautiful blocking of his teammates. I believe that Ursinus deserved to win. They capitalized on our errors, and although we had a great many scoring opportunities we did not cash in. Therefore, in the final analysis that is what counts.

LINE-UP

N. F. S.

Ursinus Frosh

J. Frankel	l.e.	Schrimmer
L. Schechtman	l.t.	Bardsley
H. Brambly	l.g.	Heary
H. Haas	c.	Alby
P. Rader	r.g.	Harris
I. Jacobson	r.t.	Yoder
A. Happ	r.e.	Walraven
D. Segal	q.b.	Dawson
S. Lupinacci	l.h.	Lai
C. Rintz	r.h.	Steinmetz
M. Kaplan	f.b.	Keurek

Substitutions— N. F. S.: Emil, Blumenfeld. Ursinus Frosh: Whitman, Williams, Clark, Taxis, McConnell.

Farm School 7 0 0 6-13

Ursinus 0 7 6 6-19

Touchdowns: Rintz, 2; McConnell, Lai, Keurek.

WILLIAMSON HOLDS FARM SCHOOL TO TIE

(Told to M. Elsner by J. Cohen)

ALTHOUGH I was not in the starting line-up, I was put in during the middle of the first period after Jacobson was injured and Blumenfield who replaced him was taken out. At this time, Williamson had the ball on our 17-yard line. After holding them for four downs, we kicked to the 50-yard line. All during this period the ball was played back and forth between the 20-yard markers, neither team doing any damage.

There is no doubt in my mind that this Williamson team was much better than the one of last season. They were intent upon duplicating their basketball and baseball victories, and played a hard, clean game.

Realizing this, we doubled our efforts and were rewarded in the closing part of the second quarter, when Rintz threw a 26-yard pass to Jerry Frankel who galloped through 15 yards for our only touchdown. Jubilantly we lined up for the conversion, but unfortunately the ball was fumbled by Segal, and to my dismay, we lost our opportunity of winning the ball game as we later learned.

Between halves as were having our bumps and bruises attended to, Mr. Samuels went into details concerning our plays, telling us of our faults and how to remedy them. He told us that no time in our history has a Farm School team ever lost after being in the lead the first half.

Knowing well that we had to win this game, we started the third period with grim determination to

hold and to increase our lead, if possible. We seemed to have their running attack bottled up, except for a play they used from punt formation through our left side. Another play which netted them considerable ground was a weak-side play from a strong-side right formation. However, these two minor defects in our defensive did not satisfy them, so they resorted to an aerial offensive which resulted in their only score in the fourth period, when the ball skimmed through the hands of a Williamson receiver towards Rintz, who in an attempt to bat it down, hit the ball into the arms of Kalp who raced 45 yards for a touchdown. A trifle disappointed, but keeping cool, the team smothered their attempt for the extra point.

We received their kick-off and started to travel around their ends by sweeps and reverses. We finally reached their 22-yard line and in a final desperate effort to score threw two passes which were incomplete. The last one a heart-breaker, from Rintz to Kaplan who just missed it by a fraction of an inch.

Williamson took the ball and with several trick plays and passes marched to our 30-yard line as the whistle ended the game.

Speaking for the Seniors, I want to say that we are sorry that this is our last game. Playing under Mr. Samuels has been an experience we will always remember and never regret.

In Segal, we have had a fine leader and an excellent pilot. Jacobson has amazed us with his show of intestinal fortitude. Although handicapped with a severe knee in-

jury, he was a shining example to all of us. Schectman, that fiery tempered rugged player, played far beyond the expectation of all.

LINE-UP

N. F. S.

Williamson Trade

Frankel	l.e.	Miller
Schectman	l.t.	Reed
Brambly	l.g.	Hebron
Haas	c.	Kostelac
Rader	r.g.	Wingard
Jacobson	r.t.	Tabb
Happ	r.e.	Hunsicker

Segal	q.b.	Cummings
Rintz	l.h.	McCarty
Lupinacci	r.h.	Clark
Kaplan	f.b.	Kalp

Substitutions: N. F. S.—Blumenfield, Cohen, Emil. Williamson Trade— Point, Nice, W. Reed.

First downs:— Farm School, 7; Williamson Trade, 7.

Passes:— Farm School, 6 — completed 1; Williamson, 13 — completed 4.

Touchdowns:— Frankel and Kalp.

N. F. S.	0	6	0	0—6
Williamson Trade	0	0	0	6—6



Our Coach and Mentor

ON ANY Saturday afternoon on the Alumni Football Field during the football season, several hundred expectant eyes will follow the movements of a short man, nattily attired in brown, with a long unlit cigar protruding from his lips.

Living up to expectation, he has never failed as yet to pluck several handfuls of grass, roll them into a ball, and throw onto the field. He will then twist his head from side to side, kick back his feet, and shift the cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, as he walks off the field during the time out, substitution, or some other reason for which play is held up.

Outsiders attending these games have oft wondered what manner of man our Coach Samuel B. Samuels can be. It is for the benefit of these who have not as yet become acquainted with him that I wish to present a picture of our Coach as the student body sees him while he is on the field, molding our great teams into shape for some keen competition.

To the visitors attending a football practice for the first time there appears the vision of a man, short in stature, with a gruff sounding voice, often emphasizing his remarks by a well-planted kick in the pants of some player kneeling in the lineup before him. This man has such dynamic force about him as to make every player jump to the crack of his whip. He has developed in his decade of coaching at Farm School a method as unique as the school at which he coaches. His technique is to take young men, comparatively new to the sport of football, train them both physically and mentally to play a hard game, and be very aggressive. He is a supersitious man on the football field and a hard loser, accounting for the greater percentage of our victories over defeats. Thus on the field we see a man who is hard, gruff, forceful and dynamic. Yet off the field, he is a gay fellow. Usually cheerful, spreading that feeling of cheerfulness throughout the team, full of his witty remarks (wise-cracks to you), and in general a jovial companion and friend.

So, in these few words I hope I have been able to convey to the visitor a picture of our coach as we, the student body, see him. May the next decade bring as great a percentage of victories as the present to Samuel B. Samuels, our coach and mentor.

—I. Pitkowsky.

It's in the Mind



—Babe Rabinowitz.

IN A year marked by great football upsets, coaches have come out in large numbers to explain the whys and wherefores of these results. No more are coaches of unbeaten teams happy to meet a "breather" before a big game. These "breathers" which Alumni, sport fans and players all relax for, are the games which upset undefeated plans. Dusquene was the "breather" game for Pitt, between the Ohio State and Notre Dame games. Dusquene knocked off Pitt on that Saturday. Had they met again this season, there is little doubt in anyone's mind that Pitt would have knocked off the Dukes. But on the day they met Pitt, they felt that they were in for an easy afternoon, and though they tried hard after Dusquene had scored to win the ball game, it was to no avail. They just couldn't play the ball they were capable of, their minds were not working in co-ordination with their bodies.


Players today are too materialistic. They look at cold, hard facts instead of emotional feelings. If they are better on paper than the other team, all the coaches' words of warning fall on deaf ears. They are too smart. They analyze each action the coach makes. They grin when he tells them a team is pointing towards them, and though the game looks like easy bait, it will be a tough battle, for they think it's a part of the coach's psychology. They never reason that a team which is fighting is a team which will get the breaks, and it's breaks that win close ball games. They cannot arouse themselves against the team which is definitely inferior to them.

Most coaches can tell very quickly if their team is going to go well by watching them loosen up before the game. A team that walks out of huddles and acts indifferently will never play a good game of ball regardless of how invincible they seem to be. Mental attitude means more than good blocking and proper technique. A team which fights with proper mental and physical co-ordination, is the team which invariably winds up on the long end of the score.

Upsets are easily understood. One of the country's outstanding elevens and the other just the ball team. Newspapers have been telling the team how good they are, and that the game is going to be a run-away. Being human, the team loafs in practice all week . . . They feel that they will take the game as they please, and meanwhile the underdogs fight hard in their practice. The underdogs get a break, and because the favorites are still loafing and taking it easy the second raters score. The undefeated team does not worry. They feel they can score at ease. However, the small team has gained extra confidence, and like a man who is fighting a battle for his life against a ferocious animal, they give their all, and

something more, for they see a chance of victory. They play over their heads, they become reckless and block and tackle far better than they are able. The favorites realizing that they must not only fight against an inspired team, but also against pressing time, begin to bear down, but cannot gain. Defeat stares them in their face, and they lose their heads. They are trying hard, but instead of thinking only of their duties on each play as it is called, their minds are becoming hysterical with the thought of being defeated. Instead of just biting off small gains, and going on a long sustained drive down the field, they attempt to score on every play. This causes them to pass up men and keep running to hit safety men while the ball carrier is being hit behind the line of scrimmage.

Coaches today have a harder job than ever before. They must present to their players the proper attitude. A psychologist would probably be better equipped for that job. One week a coach has a difficult task of preventing the team from having a feeling of over-confidence, and the following week make them feel that they will win against the supposedly superior opponents. Bucknell beat a highly superior Villanova team, West Virginia Reserves eked out a win over an undefeated Duquesne team, and many other major upsets surprised football fandom. When you figure out these upsets, don't forget that "old man mental attitude" was more responsible than any other factor.



ODE TO EMIL . . .

I used to eat Wheaties for breakfast every morning. I'd split open the top of the box with a bread knife, sprinkle a good bit of the contents into a large cereal bowl, pour in just the right amount of milk, and cover the mixture with plain white sugar. It wasn't so bad when grasping the edge of the bed to pull myself out mornings I'd tear it to bits under me. I didn't particularly care when the steering wheel of my car crumpled under my hands and we turned over three times in a ditch. I thought it was a joke when the door of the library fell to the ground when I tried to open it. But when I tried to kiss the only girl that I ever loved and broke her neck, I went back to Grape Nuts.

LOCKER LAFFS

Life's Comedies— Segal, after being quizzed by members of the team as to how he could remember all the plays and numbers, asks a telephone operator for information . . . He yells for someone . . . since he cannot remember telephone numbers . . . Cy Rintz ran back four punts in the same set of downs for an average of forty yards . . . The squad spent all season after the Atlantic City game kidding Manager Roseman about "O-o-o, I want to see the o-o-ocean" . . . and then not seeing it (for reasons, see Kaplan).

Life's Tragedies— Schechtman has more nicknames than the average college football squad . . . Mr. Samuels gave the managers orders to let him know when any new pads are put on the market . . . So he could get them for Schechtman . . . Zartarian and Kaplan calling for a punt and bumping heads . . . Coach Samuels says the only reason neither was hurt was that wood won't split wood . . . Slim Blumenfeld claims he played in twenty-one quarters . . . His headgear was in six of them without him . . .

Miscellaneous— Mr. Samuels should see his backfield move when the colored waiter comes out of the faculty dining hall with food . . . The interference is perfect . . . The linesman table never reach the man carrying the food . . . Rader and Schechtman are the only men on the squad who have played the entire season without a substitute . . . Iron men . . . Emil's always the first one out on the field for practice . . . Schechtman is the last . . .

Travel— On the trip to Atlantic City the squad stopped off at a comfort station. For ten miles Segal was in sheer agony . . . His eyes were tearing. When Frankel asked him the reason, Segal remarked, "I've got to get it out of my system somehow" . . . When they finally reached the comfort station, which was a restaurant, they made a mad dash past an amazed lovely lady and headed straight for the men's room . . .

Statistics— Our starting backfield of Segal, Kaplan, Rintz, and Lupinacci averages 167 pounds . . . The entire squad averages 176 pounds . . . The Atlantic City ride knocked a great deal of weight off the varsity squad . . . When they arrived at the seashore they found that they had lost at least ten pounds per man . . . according to the Atlantic City papers . . .

Poetry— Captain Segal pestered the office force for pins to hold up his pads, so they sent him two large horse pins, with the following verse:

Ay, ay captain,
We still don't know what they uphold
But are sure that you know best,
So use these pins as you are told
And see if they will stand the test!

Odds and Ends— Frankel is the only man on the squad with a big nose who never gets it banged up . . . Jake and Frankel had a race all season to see who will finish the least games . . . Jake kept getting hurt . . . And Frankel thrown out for fighting . . . Herb Brambley, smallest lineman on the squad, is the only one who dresses without yelling for help from the managers . . . Lupinacci says that all a coach needs is a good blocking and passing team . . . The Alumni will do the kicking . . .

—Babe Rabinowitz.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Deacon Srulowitz has requested us to make public the following notice and make sure that Prof. Thompson reads it: "I'm not a cow-kicker, honest I'm not!"

Aaron Levine (Gnome to those dear to him) assures us he'll be out shoveling snow this year without fail. — And, after last year, Gnome?

Why has Ed Lubin been hanging around Prof. Thompson's house? Are those hot-dogs that good, or is it L——?

Horrors! Our Bald Man's Club may soon be defunct if the nurse has anything to do about it. But why, oh why, must Pitkowsky's new fuzz be so black and kinky? . . . And don't you laugh, Elsner!

Dear me! Whose green bracelet has "Jake" been flashing around the campus lately? If B—— knew, she'd be jealous.

(Note: Say, Pitt, why don't you stop mooching on "Jakes" B——?)

Wonder what the relationship is between our editor and Katze's Farm? Say, Eis . . . better not let H—— find out.

Will some kindly soul present our Dean and "Bull" Rubin with a definition for the law of diminishing returns? . . .

Which Horticultural Senior is awaiting the announcement of a wedding in South Philadelphia . . . And what about the prize?

Dr. Massinger seems determined to break up the affair between J. Cohen and Mabel . . . Take it easy, Jimmy.

Babe and Privy may yet see the inside of the Upper Moreland County Jail if they don't quit thumbing at Willow Grove.

Wonder why Watz has been trying to get Mr. Thompson to referee a wrestling bout between Garibaldi and Joe Cox . . . And what does Mr. Schneider think of professional wrestling?

The Ayrshire tester won't have to look for butter in the milk samples after this month . . . Nor will he bet against Roosevelt anymore . . .

What is behind Mr. Purmell's moustache?

How would Mr. Samuels look with a muzzie?

Heard the latest? Mr. Roberts is trying to get an engagement ring cheap.

And in passing, Mr. Cook is learning how to hold young babes in his arms . . . Get it, Winchell?

Last, but not least, here's to "Dutch" Clauser, the only fellow at N. F. S. to travel 800 miles to see a burlesque show! Oh, don't forget Blue Island, Dutch!

Who is reminded of his unfaithfulness as a correspondent by phone calls from Strawberry Mansion? . . . eh, Tony?

Wonder what interests Mendell, the Missouri Flash, so much at 5625 Diamond Street? . . . eh, Hy?

"Reds" Blatt, the only boy who has resisted the charms of the fairer sex and is still a bachelor . . . But, maybe that'll be changed by the time this goes to print, eh Jake?

—The Boys.

RESULT: A Football



—by *A Pig.*

THEY tell me I was born, or farrowed, on a cold morning some time around the first of March. My first few days are but faintly visible in my memory, but I do recall my bothersome brothers and sisters, especially at feeding time. I lived on a large general farm where they raised all kinds of animals, such as horses, sheep, cows, and hogs.

My mother nursed me for several weeks and then I was put into a separate pen with about twenty other youngsters of my own age. It was marvelous how well they fed us, but I later found out that I was being fattened for market and would be killed. This made me very sick, and for several days I wouldn't touch a bit of food. It was very hard to resist eating, especially since I was a pig. I resolved that if I had to eat, it would be very lightly and I would not make a hog of myself.

But as the months rolled by, and in spite of my dieting, I gradually assumed the proportions of a fine sized hog. One only meany of a brood sow, who I never did like, kept reminding me that it was not long until I would be sent to be killed.

I knew that fatal day had finally arrived when a large truck drove up and stopped in front of my pen. I was herded into the truck with several other pigs, and soon departed from the only place I had ever known as home. The riding was fun. We passed many farms and crossed rivers and event went for a ferry ride. As soon as we arrived at the market, we were run into a large room and left there for several hours. Later that afternoon, two men came and tied my hind feet together and suspended me head down from a hook on the wall. This gave me a terrible headache and I felt miserable, but not for long. A fellow, who I heard them call "Sticker", came over to me and with a long sharp knife cut my throat. I recall bleeding a tremendous amount of blood, and almost before I had cooled off they began cutting me up.

A nasty meat inspector had the nerve to come over to me and see if my meat was in good condition. Hadn't I always been fed with the best corn and the finest hay? I never had had cholera or roundworms, either. I easily passed his test and soon found my poor carcass distributed all over the building. They took the hams to the refrigerators and my ribs went to a salesman who happened to be right there when I was killed. My skin was sent to a leather company a few squares from the meat market. I followed my skin and had a most interesting time with it. Before I tell you what became of my skin, I shall tell you something of the histology and complex chemical constituents of all animal skin.

Skin consists of living cells and the products of all activity, *e.g.* fibres, dead cells, etc. My skin is composed of three layers, a thin layer known as the epidermis, a thick layer called the derma, and the subcutaneous layer or adipose layer known as flesh. The derma is the layer that finally becomes the leather.

The general name given to the preparation of leather is tanning. There are

many processes that the leather undergoes. The first thing is the washing and soaking of the hides. As I was a freshly butchered skin I was salted and left to dry. As soon as I was thoroughly dry they put me to soak. They used a large cement chamber which contained water and I was submersed in this. This is done to wash all the salt from the hide. After a good soaking I was run over a beam which stretched me to almost twice my natural size.

Next they gave my hair a treatment. They call this liming. I was immersed in a solution of lime for a long period then stretched out on a board and allowed to drain. The object of this liming was to solubilize the epidermis layer, thereby loosening the hair sheath and making easy the removal of the hair by mechanical means. After dehairing me with a long set of wire combs, they defleshed me. Any bits of fat or flesh that may have been left on my hide were removed.

They de-alkalized me and got me ready for the actual tanning. There are several kinds of tanning, but it was my luck to be tanned by the vegetable method.

They suspended me in a solution of several wood extracts for six days. After this six days had elapsed I was again put out to drain. They put me in a well ventilated loft. I was laid upon a long table and they applied a light coating of oil to my hide. This oil acts as a protective film against the drying of the grain surface and to insure that the evaporation is chiefly from the flesh side.

After drying, they took me to be curried. I had often seen the cows and the horses back home being curried and I wondered how they could curry me when my hair had been removed. But I was fooled, as currying in the leather trade is done by impregnating the hide with grease. Currying may be done in several ways: hand, drum stuffing or dipping. They hand stuffed me. A thick layer of dubbin, which is a mixture of beef tallow and cod liver oil, was applied to the flesh side of my skin. As drying proceeds by evaporation, the more oily portions of the dubbin are absorbed by capillarity and become distributed and absorbed by the fibers.

After the currying was done, they sent me to be dyed. They used dyes made from coal tars tar coloring of the acid or base dyes. The hides are either sprayed or dipped. I was sprayed, as this was the most modern method, with a mixture of coal tar dyestuffs and received a top coating of a suitable mixture. I finally entered the home stretch as the last step in the process of tanning was reached. This was the most important, that of finishing me for market.

They staked me on a flexible machine and ran me over a blunt knife blade. This gave me the necessary softness that was desirable for my future career. Then they polished me with a weak solution of albumen and casein mixed with milk. They next friction-glazed me, which gave me a high polish, and this finished my long ordeal of being tanned.

I was placed in a storeroom for several days until some buyer looked me over and picked me out from the shelf. I was shipped to a large building which I was to learn later was a sporting goods factory.

It seems I was destined to become the outside of a football. I was cut up into several pieces and sewed together again. A piece of rubber was placed inside of me and I was laced up and placed in a cardboard box. Two weeks later, a famous athletic director from a college in Pennsylvania took me and several other footballs away with him.

—D. Oschrim.

CAMPUS NEWS

Ben Zeider Departs

AMIDST a grandiose display of gallons of cider, a bushel of Staymen apples, and the Horticultural Society Banner, Mr. Zeider, more familiarly known as Ben, gave his farewell address to the Farm School student body. It was clearly indicated that he is one of the most popular men on the campus by the turnout.

Mr. Zeider began his address by comparing an apple tree to the school and the student body. The school was the tree and the freshmen represented the blossoms; the Juniors were likened to the June drop. The harvested apples graded, packed and ready to be shipped were likened to the seniors. This struck home, particularly to the latter who will soon leave Farm School for unknown parts.

Ben stressed the importance of getting as much education as cheaply as possible. When educating yourself to be a farmer, don't study one field — be diversified, because one branch of farming will not forever be successful. You will always have your bad years. In other words, don't put all your eggs into one basket. He spoke further concerning farm selection considering primarily topography, fertility, and land improvements. These factors were particularly interesting to the seniors.

Mr. Zeider spoke extemporaneously, and it was only natural and expected that he would soon talk of his own farm. He did this in interesting fashion.

Sixteen years ago, his folks, who had been running a candy store, developed a strong urge for the farm. They purchased a forty-acre farm near New Haven, Connecticut, of which ten acres were tillable. Their total assets were a cord of firewood and a bushel of beans which they found in the attic, the latter comprising the first meal at their new home. That first year was a hard one, but the breaks were with them. The corn crop, planed by hand, grew to a height of eighteen feet, and managed to take the first prize at the local fair. Once they purchased several cows, and being unable to pay trucking expenses, drove them the twenty-two miles to their home.

Ben Zeider is a Farm School graduate. He was a Hort graduate, an outstanding student and sufficient worker to merit the Hort prize. He has worked hard since and harvested a good return for it. The example he has set is one which many of us could do well to follow. All of us who have known him will remember him as the educated, practical, and respected farmer he is. Good luck!

ADIEU INDUSTRIALS

*Twilight, twilight of the west,
Sky-lines fading into rest,
Cloud-bars lying far and slight,
Shadows sending into night, —*

THE passing of industrials — cessation of all full time labor at Farm School, — is being mourned by the hallowed seniors. Every week brings news to our ears of some little affair about the campus to formally welcome the class period, and officially terminate the industrial period. The first we heard of was the get-together in the Horticulture building with Prof. Purmell and his own worthy lads. They imbibed freely of cider, swapped numerous jokes and anecdotes — and generally passed an unforgettable evening. Shortly after came the weenie roast at Prof. Thompson's pleasant abode, which to all appearances bids as an annual affair. The dairy seniors will all attest to what an excellent hostess Mrs. Thompson is, and how well her scalloped potatoes go with roasted weenies. Senior Watz with his small talk of wrestling, Ed Lubin and his authoritative comments and witticisms on women, all added immeasurably to the fun.

And now news of further celebrations to be are starting to reach us, but we will have to relegate any more news of this sort for another later date.

The seniors really are loath to leave the active work in their chosen departments to the hands of the less-experienced juniors, — but with little concern for the outcome, for the latter are as willing as the former once were.



SYMPHONY CLUB

During the past few Sunday mornings a group of students have been meeting to hear musical appreciation lectures. At each of these meetings, Mr. Shamberg has reviewed the music of Wagner. The purpose of these talks is to acquaint us with the music dramas of this greatest of all composers. Each talk is illustrated with phonograph records of that particular opera. Already, the club is familiar with Wagner's earlier works, his majestic "Tannhauser", and stately "Lohengrin". Each opera is reviewed thoroughly; first, the general outline of the drama, and then each individual act. Along with the story, Mr. Shamberg describes to us the stage settings and costuming, and then the recordings of that particular act are played. In this way, the listener not only knows the music of that drama, but also has a mind picture of the action and staging. Any students interested in joining this group are welcome to attend the next Sunday morning meeting.

GRAND CONCERT AT FARM SCHOOL

The Musical Organization, a group which has recently been formed, has sprung to the limelight by sponsoring an event which was the talk of the school for some time.

Through the invaluable aid and untiring efforts of Lieutenant Frankel, our school band instructor — leader, and man well known in the musical world of Philadelphia, the Musical Organization was able to secure the services of prominent artists of Philadelphia and vicinity to perform at a Grand Concert at Farm School on the evening of October 28.

The artists who performed and their selections were:

1. Carl Greco (14 years old) — Piano Selections.
2. Betty Carey—Soprano— "Beethoven's Sonata". Jenny Reynolds, accompanist.
3. Henrietta Engleberg—Violinist — Dvorak's "Slavonic Dance".
4. Sonja Lubova— Selection from "Cavalier Rusticanna" and "L'Amour Toujours L'Amour". Mrs. Mayer, accompanist.
5. Student Lanin, solo in Saxophone— Kreisler's "Schorrosmarin". Mr. Lanin, accompanist.
6. Enrico Arizone — Tenor — "Vesta La Guibba" from Paggiacci and "Without a Song".

All who attended enjoyed the concert immensely and are sincerely looking forward to another concert of so high a calibre next year.

POULTRY CLUB

Agricultural club interest in Farm School has taken a sharp upward turn, and the Poultry Club has been one of the organizations to show the results of serious student interests.

Mr. Belmer, representing the Arnot Battery Company of Trenton, New Jersey, gave one of the most interesting and educational lectures heard on our Campus for a long time. For the benefit of the students who were unable to attend the meeting, the *Gleaner* takes this opportunity of reviewing the important facts, and again urges greater student participation in club interests.

1. The talk and films were based upon the battery system of raising poultry.
2. They claim a mortality of only 1% per month.
3. A standard house, 30 by 60 feet, is best suited for battery purposes.
4. Strict culling must be enforced to make the venture pay.
5. Constant replacements are necessary to keep the battery working at top capacity.
6. Protein feeds must be cut down to allow for lack of exercise on the part of the birds.



The New Gleaner Staff

THIS issue is the last which the present staff will ever write for Farm School. It culminates the activities and energies of three years of service through the medium of the *Gleaner*. While others have played football, baseball, other sports, and given their time in other ways for the school, we have felt that the editing of the *Gleaner* was our forte.

Here is the new staff. We hope you will continue to criticize their work and help them keep up the standard set by former *Gleaner* men.

Editor-in-Chief
D. OSCHRIN, '38
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Campus News
H. GILBERT
Exchange
W. RINGLER

Literary
B. FEINBERG
Secretary
A. ISBIT
Humor
S. RUBENS

Agriculture
B. GABRIEL
Sports
L. RABINOWITZ
Art
B. JARIN
Alumni
E. MYERS

FLORICULTURE NEWS

A comparatively short time ago, several of the students interested in Floriculture and those thinking of majoring in it decided to form a small organization to be known as the Floriculture Club. The purpose was to be the furthering their knowledge of Floriculture as a vocation and hobby through medium of open forum meetings. There are no officers to be elected but each week another member prepares an interesting talk on some phase of that work. Among the speakers was Mr. Mayer of our Floriculture Department who gave two very interesting and educational talks. Several of the topics which have been discussed included:

1. History and Culture of Gladioli.
2. Growth and Marketing of Calla Lilies.
3. Care and Transplanting of house plants.
4. Floriculture as related to General Farming.

NEW ASSISTANT TO MR. PURMELL

To replace Mr. Zeider, Professor Purmell of the Horticulture Department has selected a man who comes from a long line of agriculturally minded people. We sincerely hope that Aaron Lipman, graduate of Rutgers University who is to take Mr. Zeider's place, will live up to our expectations and prove himself a man as practical and helpful as Mr. Zeider was. Per Mr. Purmell's advice, we trust the students will "take it easy" on the new Hort man and he will soon prove his mettle.

CHAPEL

With the advent of the fall term, we have resumed our chapel services conducted every Friday evening. Some of the guest speakers have included Mr. Hinlein of Board of Directors of our school, Rev. Davidson, Dr. Haldeman, Principal of Doylestown High School, Rev. Friedman, all of Doylestown.

LEAVING A LITTLE MILK IS NOT BAD FOR THE COWS

"Believe it or not!", it has been the common belief that lack of proper "stripping" would cause a cow to go dry more rapidly, lower the butterfat percentage of the milk, and possibly affect the health of the cow.

A complete lactation test was conducted by scientists of the Dairy Industry; in which an average of 1.2 lbs. of milk was left in the udder after each milking. Not only were all of the old beliefs disproved, but about half the milk left in the udder was recovered at the next milking.

If all of the 1.2 lbs. left in the udder had been lost for each of the

480 milkings during the lactation period, there would have been a difference of 570 lbs. in favor of the cows "stripped" completely. The test showed, however, only 306 lbs. or 47% of the total left in the udder was recovered.

For every hour spent in stripping, 50 lbs. of milk was obtained. As a result of the test, the dairyman may conclude for himself whether or not the extra time required for "stripping" will pay. If he has plenty of time and is short of milk, he should get the "last drop". Ordinarily, enough additional milk will be obtained to pay for the labor of "stripping".



FUTILITY

Glistening, dark, still as ever,
White, black, light, a feather?
Joy supreme, heaven's delight,
Another egg has passed in the night!

Time, the enchanter; night has gone,
Mystery passing, as light comes on,
Hens have sated, lives abated,
Yielding years, more's expected.

Cackles, chuckles, struts and proud
Indifferent to her destiny's shroud
Of the day to come when
The neck will depart from the hen.

—M. J. Bach.

Basketball Outlook

A NEW coach and the return of six lettermen puts a rosy complexion on the basketball prospective for the 1937 season. Coach King Zeigler, a former basketball star himself at N. F. S., will take over the reigns with this coming campaign. He will have as a nucleus for his team Captain Morty Kaplan, last year's leading scorer; Joe Watz, who was a star as a freshman, but was out most of last season because of a knee injury; Sid Brahlin, Sammy Charlesworth, Eddie Zartarian, and Pete Fox. From last year's reserves Zeigler will have Bach, Segal, Blumenfeld, Mendell, and Schnall.

This year's greatest problem for Coach Zeigler will be to find the pivot man. Last year the team was defeated seven times, four of these encounters being by one point. They were greatly handicapped by not being able to gain control of the tap. For this job he has Watz, Charlesworth, and Blumenfeld. The team will again meet P. S. D., Williamson, and other outstanding teams.

HYPNOTISM

"A laugh; my kingdom for a laugh", that has always been the Farm School students theme song after their supper on Sunday evening. Well, during the Sunday evening performance on November 8, all the students gave up their kingdoms. The reason? Mr. Howard Kline, hypnotist, who was invited up to the school by our sincere friend Mr. Hinlein.

Mr. Kline with the aid of the powers of suggestion put five of our future farmers to sleep and ordered them to obey his command or suggestions — Presto change and the Segal Hall auditorium was Station D. D. X., one of the more prominent radio stations featuring Eddie Cantor, Rubinoff, Mr. Leopold Stokowski, Kate Smith, and the King

of Hi-di-ho, Cab Calloway. The program was a complete success, bringing the house down in convulsive laughter, and it was not uncommon to see a few who were unable to arise from their awkward position on the floor... the audience, I mean, not the actors.

Potatoes were eaten with distinct relish, and the fellows thought them to be luscious peaches.

One of the fellows became quite tipsy upon drinking some water and being made to believe it was wine. He gave a marvelous rendition of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More", with all the "hic" effects.

Without using all the motion picture adjectives, I can truthfully and seriously say that the fellows all thought it was "tops".



Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more . . .

—M. J. Bach.

VARSITY SKETCHES

Dave Segal (Dave)

Saw two football games before he came to N. F. S. Knows every nurse in the Jewish Hospital. An outstanding scholastic student in the Senior Class. One of the best captains and quarterbacks Farm School ever had. Improved from being the worst blocker on last year's team to the best on this year's team. Doesn't smoke, drink, swear, or play cards. But, he's human otherwise. Starts more rumors than women at a bridge game. Has more women admirers than Bob Taylor, including an athlete at Beaver's College.



Harold Haas (Mule)

Hardest worker on the field. Hasn't any time for women. But what we don't know won't hurt us. Captained the Easton High School football team. Is never happy after a football game. Going to follow Mr. Groman's footsteps, is going to take G. A. Loves to drive the tractor and speaks with a Dutch accent. Always feels that it is his fault that the football team loses a game. Sells magazines. Studies a great deal. Has two great aims in life. He would like to beat Happ in a punting duel, and to intercept a pass and run for a touchdown.

Elmer Rintz (Cy)

Smooth on the sofa, smoother on the dance floor, smoothest on the football field. Has reason to wear a size 10 hat, but wears a 7. Opponents claim him to be the best sport they've ever played against. Scored a touchdown in every game he finished. Couldn't kick or throw a football before he came to Farm School. Has a weird sense of humor. Liked Germantown High so well that he spent 4½ years there. Knows the theme songs of all dance bands in the country. Captain of the baseball team in his junior year, and was elected to the same position for his senior year.

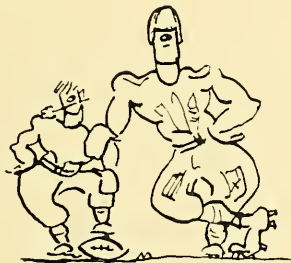
Herbert Brambly (Hill-Billy)

Hails from way up thar in Bristol, where he captained a championship team. Minds his own business, and it's unhealthy for anyone that minds his. Swears with a mountain drawl. Doesn't like to be called a lady's man. Never eats candy. Loves to chew a cud, and drink apple cider. Has a secret passion for playing the trumpet. But, he's too bashful to go out for the band. Does a good job of trapping and hunting. Plays a guitar and sings hill-billy songs. Hasn't missed a dance since the June Hop.



Louis Schectman (Lafty)

Has more nicknames than pads. Needs four lockers to keep his pads. His love letters make good comedy reading. Keeps the boys laughing in the locker room. The telegram which he received at Stockbridge will go down in history. Knows more ways of racketeering than any other Hort senior. Would give you the shirt off his back, but it is always dirty. Thinks a catalytic agent is a man that sells Cadillacs. If you want to anger him, call him Greek.



Bernard Emil (Butch)

Brooklyn's pride and joy. Most handsome looking man on the squad. Was all N. Y. City end. Entertains people by merely speaking. Says, "doorleystown" for Doylestown. Loves beautiful women, but never brings them to dances. Uses "olive earl" on his wavy locks. Would like to kick a field goal but Samuels won't let him. Loves to punch women in the teeth. Noted for taking a poke at Charley Price at the Freshmen Wrestling Bouts. Introduced bell bars in the National Farm School. Wears a varsity baseball sweater. Thinks Madaline Carroll is tops.



Morton Kaplan (Kappy)

Gets blamed for more things than anyone on the team. Goes into hunting in a big way but never gets anything. Is captain-elect of the basketball team. Never has trouble making the women, but never knows what to do with them. Drives a Ford V-8. Takes more weekends than any 6 men on the squad. Never receives any mail. Loves publicity. His greatest ambition is to run 105 yards to a touchdown. Always smiling.

Paul Rader (Swede)

Half of the firm Rader and Haas, magazine salesmen. Loves to sleep and eat, but never gets enough of either. Doesn't dance in front of company because he's afraid they'll laugh at him. Spends all the money he makes for furniture. Has the cleanest room on first floor Ulman. Wears socks with holes in them. Would like to smoke and eat candy, but Haas won't let him. Thinks Jean Harlow is very nice. Is very ticklish when given a rubdown.

Al Happ (Foggy)

The only man who can play (?) and count corn shocks at the same time. Is always asleep. Loves beer and women. Punts further with plain shoes than any one in the school with football shoes. Won't take any stuff from anyone. Won't tell anyone his name is Aloysius. Was most surprised person on the field when he caught a pass for the first touchdown of the season. Strong as an ox. Easy going, but never get him angry. Chester is his happy hunting ground.

Irving Jacobson (Jake)

Has more guts than anyone at school (both ways). Hasn't finished a game all season. Hurts his knee every game but is back the following week. Runs the A. A. Store, and has to eat a lot of candy. Weighs 228 in his light suit. Blows a mean tuba. Yearns to be an orchestra leader, but will probably grow up to be a bartender. Feels badly that Mr. Samuels slighted him when the football players were given cod liver oil. Burns up when called Jellybelly or Rehab. Would like to carry the ball on a double reverse.

Sam Lupinacci (Lappy)

Another one of these rare athletes from Germantown. Hits the line like a Mack truck. Helps round out handsome backfield. Fought twice in one night in the Freshmen-Junior Fights. Always wears a shin guard. Likes Italian food, but is always taken for a Swede. Thought Germantown women were the nicest in the world, but spends his time in Easton now.

James Cohen (Jimmy)

Only man on the squad who has

earned three football letters. Commonly called Baconleggs because of his shape. Feels badly that Frankel was voted having the largest nose on the squad. Recovers more slowly from bumps and bruises than anyone on the team. Took Dairy so he could sleep on feed bags. Earned his letter in baseball. Squad's number one cigarette chiseler, but he always returns them. Loves to appear sophisticated and learned. Attends concerts, plays, and recitals. Had a brother named Creamy who played football at N. F. S. Doesn't like to be called Cream-puff.

Jerry Frankel (Schnoz)

Has the biggest nose on the squad, and that's an achievement, considering that the Cohen boys and Blumenfeld are on the squad. The rougher the game the better he likes it. Rooms with Schectman. Wears gay colored socks. Always keeps his window open at night. Referee Thornton's biggest thorn. Greatest indoor sport is to ride Schectman. Caught more passes in the New Paltz game than he caught all of last season. Is a hit with the ladies. He attends all the dances but always gets creped.

Ed Zartarian (Zarat)

Best dancer in school. Reads Esquire and then likes to look like the ads. Eats a lot of candy and likes to drink beer. Would like to dance with Mickey, but Segal and Rintz rush him out. Earned his letter in basketball. Always blushes when Sam talks about dumb Armenians. Always needs a shave. Thinks Carole Lombard is nice, but is bashful. Is a perfect ad for Fleishman's Yeast.

Thought

I wish I was a kangaroo
 Despite his funny stances,
 I'd have a place to put the junk
 My girl brings to the dances.

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2. War Song — "Tanks-A Million"
3. Dentist's Song — "The Drill Is Gone"



Eggs mark the spot where the
 hen laid.



A dainty foot,
 A lovely torso,
 Can make a friend—
 By feeling more so.

Coach Samuels was working the
 eleven overtime in perspiration for
 the annual tilt with Williamson
 Trade...

* * *

* * *

Segal: Are you cold, Dear?
 Pat: Cold enough to freeze.
 Segal: Want my coat, Love?
 Pat: No, just the sleeves.

Don't fight with your dentist, it'll
 end in a draw.

* * *

* * *

Little seeds make tall green corn,
 Little drops make oceans,
 Funny faces are made cute
 By lifts, muds and lotions.

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Young lady: "No."

S. Salesman: "My name is Bow-
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